Rat. Your Highneſſe told me *I* ſhould poſt before.
Kin. My minde is changd ſir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing
Nor none ſo bad but it may well be told.
Kin. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why dooſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou mayſt tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the ſeas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Da. I know not mighty ſoueraigne but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir? as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
King. Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
Kin. Is the Chayre emptie? is the ſword vnſwaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me, whath doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, *I* cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him *I* feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
Kin. Where is thy power then to beate him backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhippes.
Dar. No my good Lord, my frtends are in the North.
Kin. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie ſoueraigne
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
Kin. I, I, thou would'ſt be gone to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie ſoueraigne

You haue no cauſe to hold my frindſh
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
Kin. Well, go muſter men: but hear
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke you
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but frail
Dar. Deale with him, as I proue tr
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Gratious ſoueraigne, nov
As *I* by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haught
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confiderates, are in a
Enter another Meſſe
Meſ. My liege, in Kent the Guilford
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and ſtill their po
Enter anot her Meſſeng
Meſ. Lord, the armie of the Duke o
He ſtriketh h
King. Out on you owles, nothing b
Take that vntill thou bring me better n
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the new
My newes is, that by ſudden flood and
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is di
And he himſelfe fled no man knowes v
King. O *I* cry you mercie, I did miſ
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow *I* g
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen ou
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckin*
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bin m
Enter another Me
Meſ. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring *I* to your
The *Britaine* Nauie is diſperſt, Richm
Sent out a boate to aſke them on the ſh
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no?
Who anſwered him they came from B
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute